



69

DIGITAL  
EDITION

# SPAWN



Capullo

MR. FINE  
C.W.U.

Todd McFarlane &  
Image Comics presents...

# FREAKY

DEDICATED TO

*Chris Carter*



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## Spawn №68 Summary

Sam and Twitch are called to the home of their client, Mrs. Byrd, whose husband has been murdered. As they drive away, puzzling over the scene of the crime, Cog mysteriously appears in the back seat of the '55 and asks them to help Spawn. Meanwhile, back in the alley, Spawn's murderer bags up the necroplasm as evidence of his death and takes it to his boss, the Freak. When the bums hear of their protector's demise, the battle over control of the alleys begin.



**TODD MCFARLANE**  
PRODUCTIONS

[www.spawn.com](http://www.spawn.com)



2:21 A.M.

A SEARCH HAS BEGUN...  
A SEARCH TO FIND A  
BEING THAT MOST DON'T  
BELIEVE EVEN EXISTS.

PRODDED BY  
COGLIOSTRO'S  
INSISTENCE THAT  
SPAWN IS IN DIRE  
NEED OF HELP,  
DETECTIVES  
SAM BURKE AND  
TWITCH WILLIAMS  
FORGE DEEPER  
INTO THE INFRA-  
STRUCTURE OF  
MANHATTAN'S  
BACK ALLEYS...


... SLOWLY  
SWALLOWED  
BY THE BLACK,  
HUNGRY MAW  
OF THE ICY  
SHADOWS.

OKAY,  
TWITCH,  
LET'S  
DO IT.

I'VE  
GOT  
YOUR  
BACK,  
SIR.



I SWEAR  
I GET THE  
CREEPS  
EVERY TIME  
WE GO IN  
*THERE.*



JUSTIFIABLY  
SO. STILL, IT *IS*  
THE PLACE  
COGLIOSTRO  
SAID WE'D  
FIND HIM.

WE'D  
BETTER!  
'CAUSE I'M  
GETTING SICK  
AND TIRED OF  
CHASING  
GHOSTS.




*ESPECIALLY*  
IN RAT CITY.

THEN  
WE'D BETTER  
STAY SHARP, SIR,  
BECAUSE WE'RE  
ABOUT TO  
ENTER HELL.

INDEED... FOR, IN  
HUNTING DOWN A  
CREATURE KNOWN  
ONLY TO A FEW, THEY  
WILL TRAVERSE A  
LABYRINTH OF  
DECAYED PASSAGES  
STRETCHING DEEP  
INTO THE BOWELS  
OF LOWER  
MANHATTAN.

**RAT CITY.**  
IT'S A PLACE  
THAT EXISTS  
ONLY IN THE  
CONFLICTED  
INTERESTS OF  
A SELECT  
CLIENTELE.  
POLICE.  
BUREAUCRATS.  
MURDERERS.  
DRUG ADDICTS.



A PLACE NO ONE  
CAN DEFEND OR  
JUSTIFY. A HAVEN  
FOR ANYONE  
WANTING TO  
DISAPPEAR FROM  
THE FACE OF THE  
EARTH.

THE PUBLIC, AS A WHOLE,  
KNOWS NOTHING ABOUT  
THE PLACE. THAT'S THE  
WAY LOCAL POLITICIANS  
HAVE KEPT IT FOR THE  
PAST THREE DECADES.



FOR, WHATEVER  
FEARS THE  
CITIZENRY MAY  
HAVE ABOUT  
BEING ASSAULTED  
BY THOSE THEY  
CAN SEE...

...THEY PALE IN COMPARISON TO  
FEARS OF THOSE THEY CAN'T.  
EVEN THE HOMELESS, AND  
OUTCAST ARE SCARED TO  
ENTER THIS DOMAIN.  
FOR THE DEEPER  
YOU ENTER...


...THE FURTHER YOU  
PENETRATE ITS  
SECLUDED DARKNESS...

...THE MORE HORRIFIC  
BECOME THE SECRETS  
IT IS TRYING TO HIDE.



Sweet  
mercy.


JESUS.



FOR A MOMENT, BOTH DETECTIVES  
JUST QUIETLY TAKE IN WHAT THEY  
SEE. COGLIOSTRO HAD WARNED  
THEM THEY WERE ABOUT TO ENTER  
SOME KIND OF BIZARRE WAR-- ONE  
THAT WOULD EXTEND BEYOND THE  
PARAMETERS OF A TURF WAR. THE  
REALITY OF THE SITUATION TAKES  
SOME GETTING USED TO.

CRUCIFIED AND HEADLESS,  
THE LIMP REMAINS OF  
SPAWN SERVE NOTICE: IT'S  
OPEN SEASON FOR ALL  
ON THE SIDE OF THIS  
UNSEEN ENEMY.

BUT THAT'S NOT  
WHAT STOPS SAM  
AND HIS PARTNER  
DEAD IN THEIR  
TRACKS.



WHAT CHILLS THEM IS THAT, IN PAST ENCOUNTERS, BOTH MEN HAD BEEN WITNESS TO SPAWN'S INCREDIBLE STRENGTH AND RECUPERATIVE POWERS. HE'D SEEMED ALMOST INVULNERABLE. THE THOUGHT THAT THERE IS SOMETHING LOOSE THAT CAN MUTILATE SUCH A BEING TO THIS DEGREE... THAT SCARES THE DETECTIVES.

GOD ONLY KNOWS WHAT KIND OF UNHOLY POWER IS NOW RUNNING UNCHECKED.

WHILE ELSEWHERE ON THE FRINGE OF TERRITORY THAT IS TWO LEVELS REMOVED FROM THE HEART OF 'RAT CITY', A CONFRONTATION OF ANOTHER SORT IS ABOUT TO BE JOINED.

GAREE IS A PINKHEAD

COOL DIZ

POW

IT INVOLVES REPRESENTATIVES OF TWO ETERNAL CLANS:

HEAVEN AND HELL.

IRONIC, ISN'T IT?

THAT WE'VE GOT A WAR RIGHT UNDER OUR NOSES. AND NEITHER ONE OF US IS CAPABLE OF DOING ANYTHING ABOUT IT. MAKES ME WONDER WHO IS *REALLY* IN CONTROL OF HUMAN DESTINY.

NEITHER OF OUR MASTERS SEEMS TO BE GAINING ANYTHING OUT OF THIS SKIRMISH.

WHAT ARE YOU BLUBBERING ABOUT, OLD MAN?

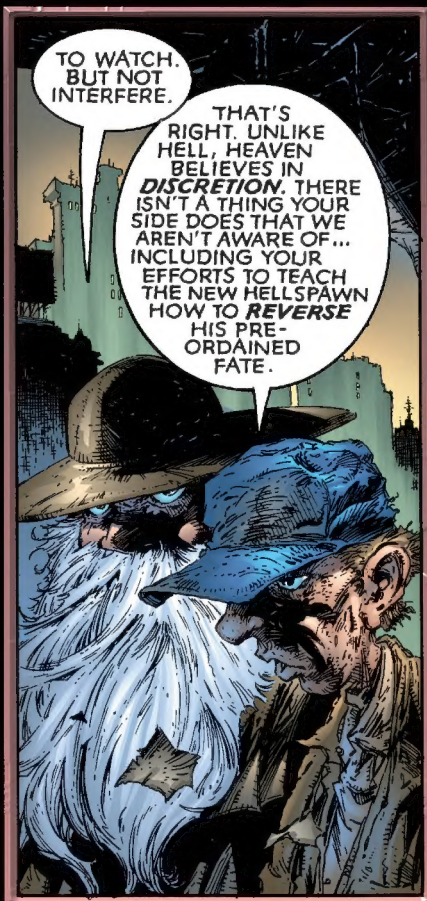


PLEASE. SPARE ME YOUR INNOCENT ACT. I'VE KNOWN FOR A LONG TIME OF YOUR PRESENCE HERE ON EARTH. *BOOTSY?* ISN'T THAT THE NAME YOU GO BY NOW? WELL, I APPLAUD YOUR SUCCESS IN FITTING IN SO EFFORTLESSLY WITH THE HUMANS... BUT YOU *HAD* TO KNOW I'D BE AWARE OF YOUR SURVEILLANCE DUTY.

HEAVEN CAN'T BE *THAT* FOOLISH, CAN IT?

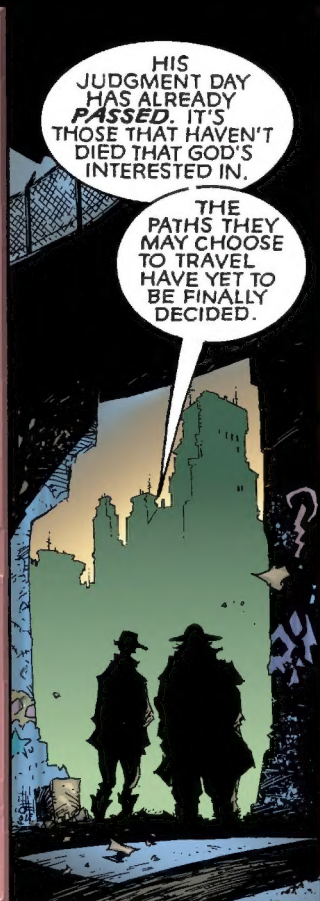
IT'S *NOT*. BUT I MUST STILL ADHERE TO MY ORDERS.





TO WATCH.  
BUT NOT  
INTERFERE.

THAT'S  
RIGHT. UNLIKE  
HELL, HEAVEN  
BELIEVES IN  
**DISCRETION**. THERE  
ISN'T A THING YOUR  
SIDE DOES THAT WE  
AREN'T AWARE OF...  
INCLUDING YOUR  
EFFORTS TO TEACH  
THE NEW HELLSPAWN  
HOW TO **REVERSE**  
HIS PRE-  
ORDAINED  
FATE.



HIS  
JUDGMENT DAY  
HAS ALREADY  
**PASSED**. IT'S  
THOSE THAT HAVEN'T  
DIED THAT GOD'S  
INTERESTED IN.

THE  
PATHS THEY  
MAY CHOOSE  
TO TRAVEL  
HAVE YET TO  
BE FINALLY  
DECIDED.



AND SO  
THE WAY **YOU**  
HELP IS TO DO  
**NOTHING** WHILE  
YOUR FRIENDS ARE  
WILLING TO **DIE**  
TRYING TO DEFEND  
HELL'S NEW  
CREATION.

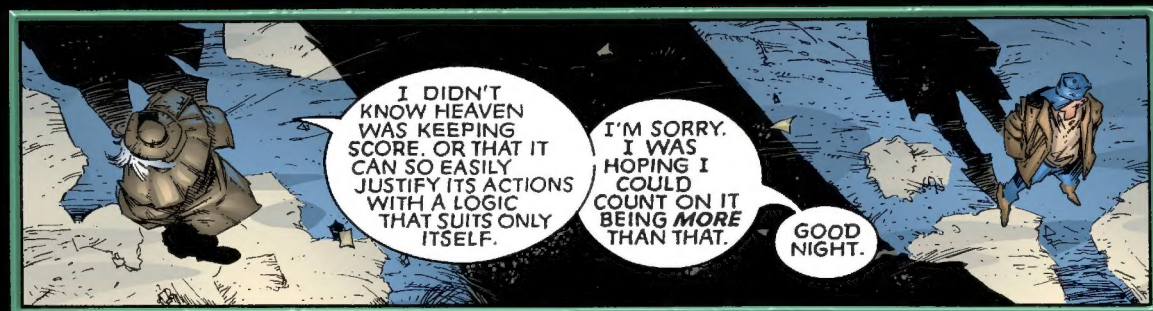
NO **WONDER**  
EVIL RUNS SO  
RAMPANT.



**LOOK!**

MY JOB IS TO  
**REPORT. NOT REACT!!**  
**FREE WILL MUST STILL BE**  
THE MANDATE OF **ALL** MAN-  
KIND. OUR INVOLVEMENT  
**MUST** BE THROUGH INTER-  
VENTION THAT THEY CAN  
ATTRIBUTE TO **UNSEEN**  
**FORCES**. THEY CALL THEM  
**MIRACLES!!**  
I **BELIEVE** WE'VE DONE  
OUR FAIR **SHARE**  
OF THOSE!

WHAT'S  
**YOUR**  
SIDE?  
DONE?



I DIDN'T  
KNOW HEAVEN  
WAS KEEPING  
SCORE. OR THAT IT  
CAN SO EASILY  
JUSTIFY ITS ACTIONS  
WITH A LOGIC  
THAT SUITS ONLY  
ITSELF.

I'M SORRY.  
I WAS  
HOPING I  
COULD  
COUNT ON IT  
BEING **MORE**  
THAN THAT.

GOOD  
NIGHT.



THE REALITY IS THAT THE FORMER ARMY LT. COLONEL AL SIMMONS IS CONSTRUCTED OF A SUBSTANCE UNKNOWN TO MAN, WITH PROPERTIES NOT IN COMPLIANCE WITH STANDARD SCIENCE.

THE RESULT: SPAWN... HIS NECROFLESH BODY... WEIGHS OVER 400 POUNDS.

FOR A PAIR OF LESS THAN STUD-LIKE DETECTIVES, THIS BECOMES PROBLEMATIC.

**CRIPES!**

THAT WAS MY FAULT!  
THAT WAS MY FAULT!  
I TAKE THE BLAME--  
uhh... YOU OKAY  
UNDER THERE,  
BUDDY?

OOOPS!

ouch.

ouch.

ouch.

ouch.

PERFECT.

I SWEAR  
ON MY  
MOTHER'S  
GRAVE I'M  
GONNA KILL  
THAT  
COGLIOSTRO  
NEXT TIME I  
SEE HIM.

THAT OLD FART  
MUST THINK THIS IS  
ALL SOME HILARIOUS  
JOKE. *grunt* **THERE!**  
I THINK YOU CAN  
GET OUT NOW.

BURDENED WITH THE DEAD WEIGHT OF SPAWN'S CARCASS, SAM AND TWITCH MAKE PAINFULLY HALTING HEADWAY AS THEY EXIT THE MAZE OF ALLEYS.

THAT DELAY WILL COST THE LIVES OF MANY THIS NIGHT.

HEY YOU! DROP AL RIGHT NOW!

THEN BACK AWAY SLOWLY.

JEEZ! BOBBY, LOOK! IT'S TRUE! THEY DID BLOW HIS HEAD OFF!

YOU PUNKS WANT TO KILL OUR KING THEN YOU'D BETTER BE PREPARED TO DIE! 'CAUSE YOU'VE SCREWED US FOR THE LAST TIME.

C'MON, GUYS.

CLICK

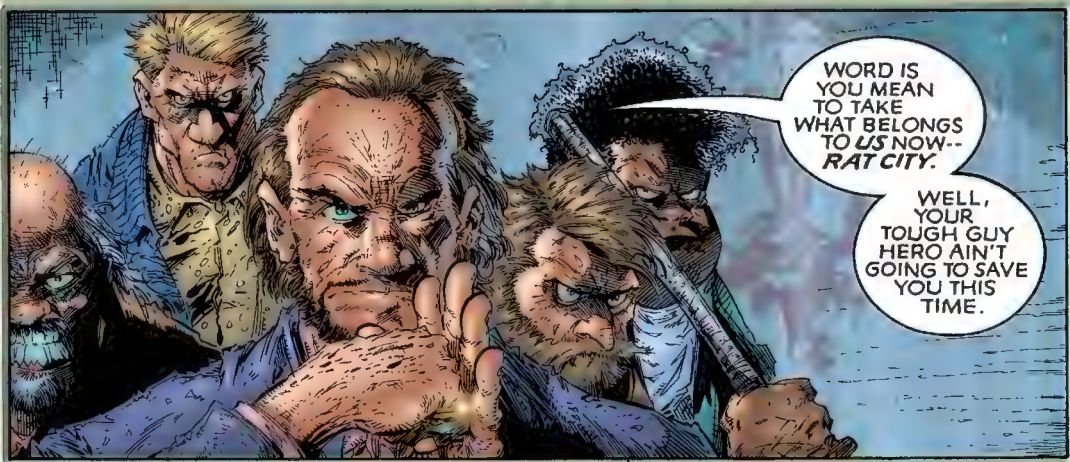
CLICK

TRY THAT ONE AGAIN, SMARTASS.



HEY!  
WHO'S  
THERE?!

BEFORE THE  
MISTAKEN  
IDENTITIES  
CAN BE SORTED  
OUT, BOBBY'S  
LEGITIMATE  
OPPONENTS  
ARRIVE.



WORD IS  
YOU MEAN  
TO TAKE  
WHAT BELONGS  
TO US NOW--  
RAT CITY.

WELL,  
YOUR  
TOUGH GUY  
HERO AIN'T  
GOING TO SAVE  
YOU THIS  
TIME.



AND IN  
A FEW SHORT  
MINUTES  
SCARRONI AND  
HIS BOYS WILL  
BE HERE WITH  
THE HEAVY  
ARTILLERY.

OH, YEAH...?  
WELL, WE'VE GOT  
THE HORDES OF  
HEROIN HIDEOUT  
MARCHING THIS  
WAY. AND I MEAN  
THE ENTIRE  
SOUTHEAST  
SECTION.

LOOKS LIKE  
WE'VE GOT  
OURSELVES A  
PISSING CONTEST.  
TWITCH. YOU  
COVER THE  
LEFT FLANK.



YOU BROUGHT THIS ON YOURSELVES, YOU AND YOUR GODDAMN PASSIVE BUNCH. *WE* DIDN'T NEED SPAWN. YOU HEAR?!! HE WAS A GODDAMN FREAK... ALWAYS BROUGHT THE LAW INTO *OUR* ALLEYS.

THIS IS *OUR* HOME, NOT HIS. BUT YOU MADE HIM INTO SOMETHING HE *WASN'T*... A *HERO*!

WELL, HE DID NOTHING BUT *CRAP* ON US. *ALL* OF US. INCLUDING *YOU*.



*HOW DARE YOU?!!* JUST BECAUSE YOU COULDN'T PEDDLE YOUR WHORES AND DRUGS LIKE YOU DID BEFORE DIDN'T MAKE HIM YOUR ENEMY.

YOU COULD'VE JUST MOVED ON-- HE DIDN'T CARE ABOUT WHAT YOU DID-- HE JUST DIDN'T WANT IT GOING ON AROUND HIM.



THE CHARGE BEGINS.

*FREEZE!!*  
ALL OF YOU!



LOOK, I DON'T KNOW WHO THE HELL YOU GUYS ARE--

-- BUT THIS AIN'T YOUR FIGHT SO GET THE HELL OUTTA HERE BEFORE YOU GET PERMANENTLY HURT.

SEEMS TO ME WE'VE GOT OURSELVES A LITTLE MISUNDERSTANDING HERE. SO LET ME SEE IF I CAN'T SET A COUPLE THINGS STRAIGHT.

**FIRST:** YOU SCUMBAGS ARE NOTHING BUT A BUNCH OF LOSER, THIEVING, USELESS, PIECES OF SHIT.

**SECOND:** THIS GUY YOU'RE ALL FIGHTING OVER, SPAWN. HE'S WANTED FOR QUESTIONING IN OVER A DOZEN INCIDENTS IN THESE PARTS. SO IF HE'S YOUR LEADER THEN IT JUST TELLS ME WHAT KINDS OF MORONS YOU ARE.

SUCK ME, FAT BOY! YOU HAVE NO IDEA--

**SHUT UP!!**  
**THIRD:** IF YOU GUYS WANT, I WILL MAKE ALL YOUR LIVES A CONSTANT NIGHTMARE BY BRINGING THE ENTIRE N.Y.P.D. IN HERE EVERY NIGHT.

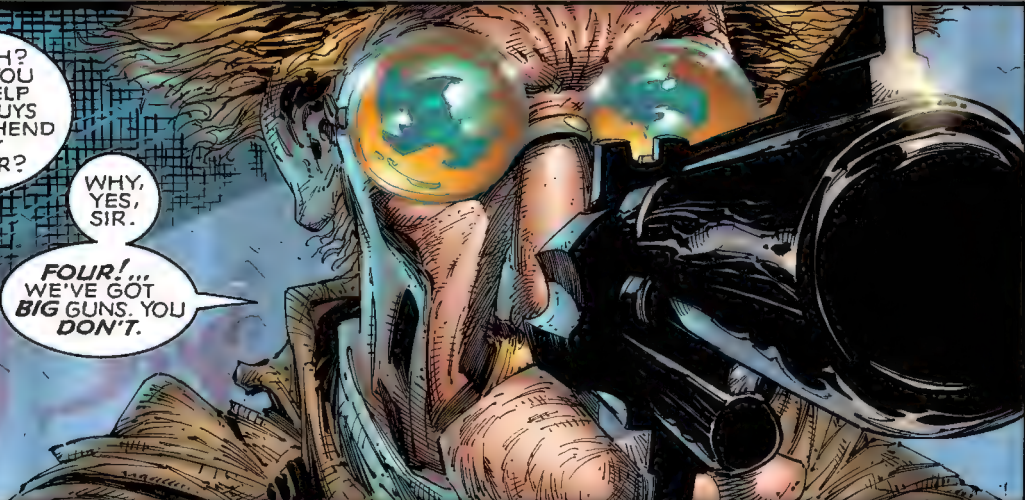
YOU COPS CAN'T POSSIBLY HASSLE US MORE THAN YOU ALREADY DO.



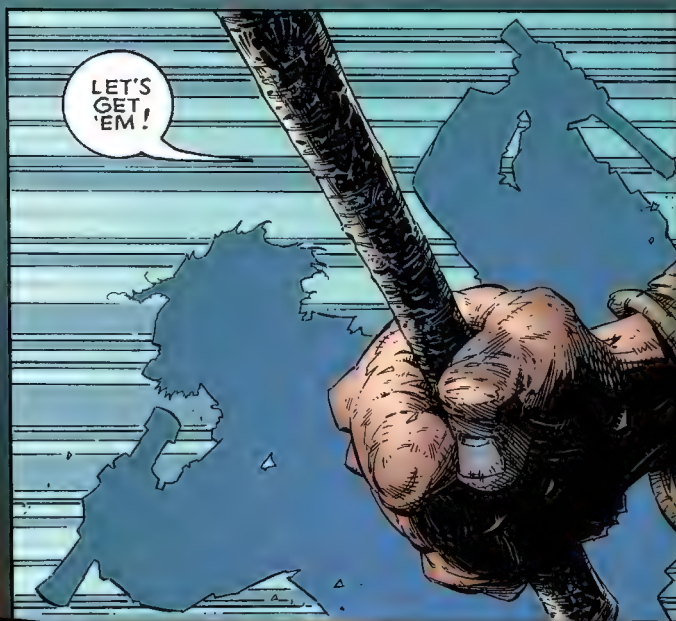
TWITCH? THINK YOU CAN HELP THESE GUYS COMPREHEND ANY BETTER?

WHY, YES, SIR.

**FOUR!...** WE'VE GOT BIG GUNS. YOU DON'T.



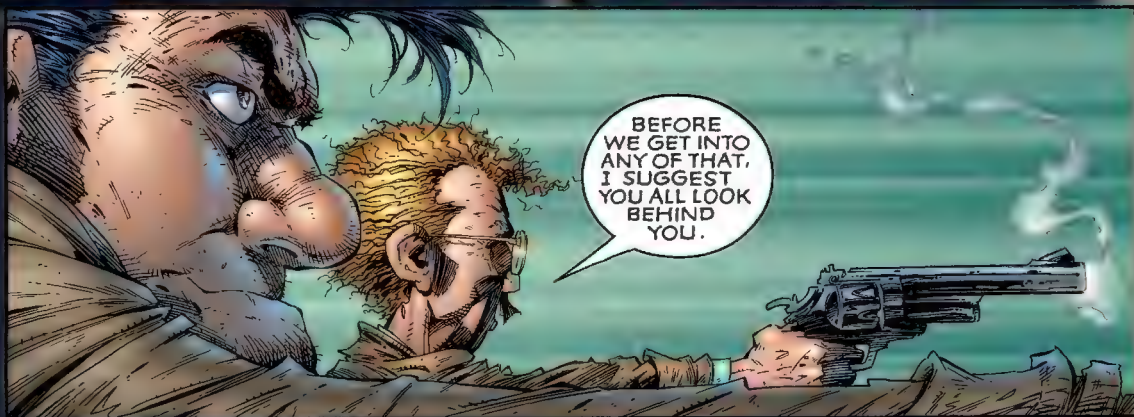
WE AIN'T AFRAID OF YOU.



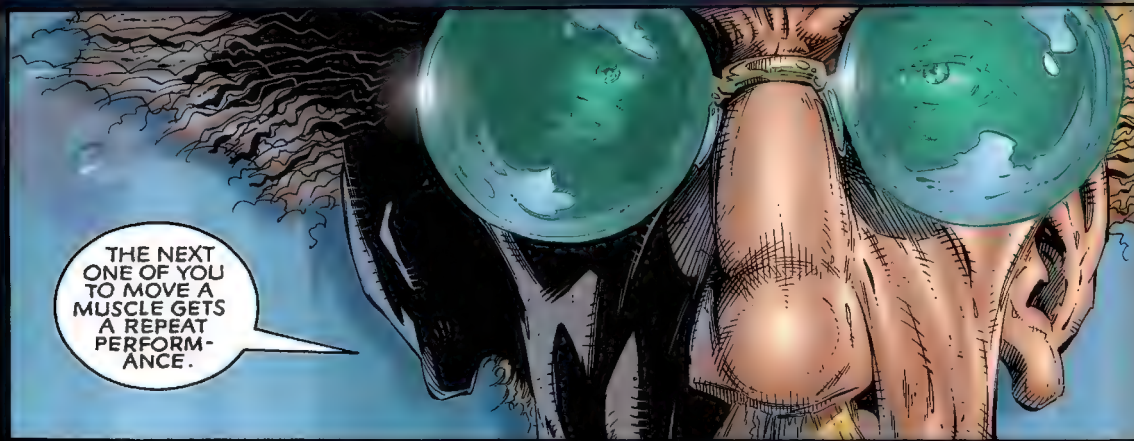
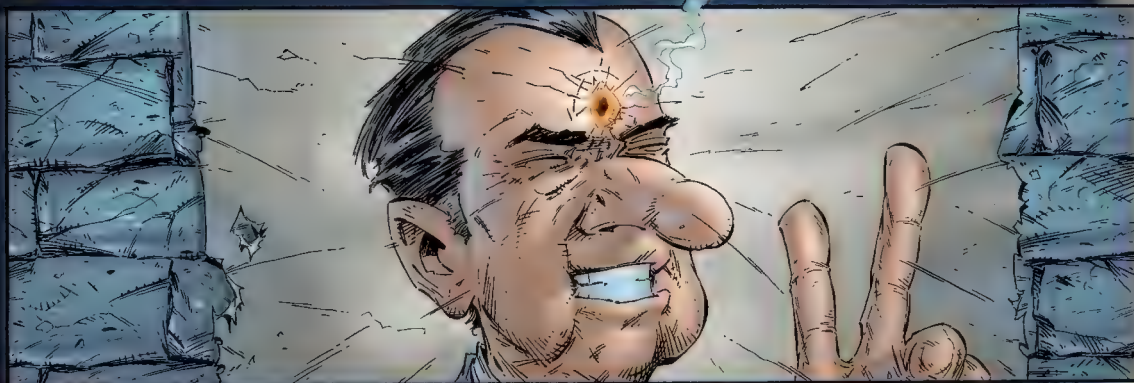


HA! HA-HA-HA-  
YESSS!  
YOU FRIGGIN'  
WUSS. I KNEW YOU  
COPS DIDN'T HAVE  
ANY GUTS.

BETTER  
SAY YOUR  
PRAYERS  
FAST.



BEFORE  
WE GET INTO  
ANY OF THAT,  
I SUGGEST  
YOU ALL LOOK  
BEHIND  
YOU.



THE NEXT  
ONE OF YOU  
TO MOVE A  
MUSCLE GETS  
A REPEAT  
PERFORM-  
ANCE.

NOW GET  
OVER THERE  
AGAINST THE  
WALL AND PUT  
YOUR HANDS  
AGAINST IT.  
YOU SEARCH  
THEM, SIR.

THIS  
AIN'T OVER,  
COP! YOU'LL  
SEE. THERE'S  
AN ARMY  
MARCHING  
THIS WAY YOU  
CAN'T STOP  
ANY OF  
THIS.

THIS IS  
OUR HOME.  
NONE OF THIS  
CONCERNS YOU.  
AND DON'T  
PRETEND YOU  
EVEN CARE  
ABOUT WHAT  
HAPPENS  
TO US.

BECAUSE  
AS MUCH AS YOU  
OFFICERS WANT TO UP-  
HOLD THE LAW, THE FACT  
IS YOU DON'T GIVE A RAT'S  
ASS ABOUT ANY OF THIS. I'D  
EVEN WAGER THAT MOST  
OF NEW YORK'S FINEST  
WOULD RATHER SEE  
US DEAD.

TO YOU  
WE'RE ALL  
JUST LOSERS.  
ISN'T THAT  
WHAT YOU  
CALLED  
US...?

HE IS  
QUITE  
RIGHT.

WELL,  
LOOK WHO'S  
WINNING  
NOW.

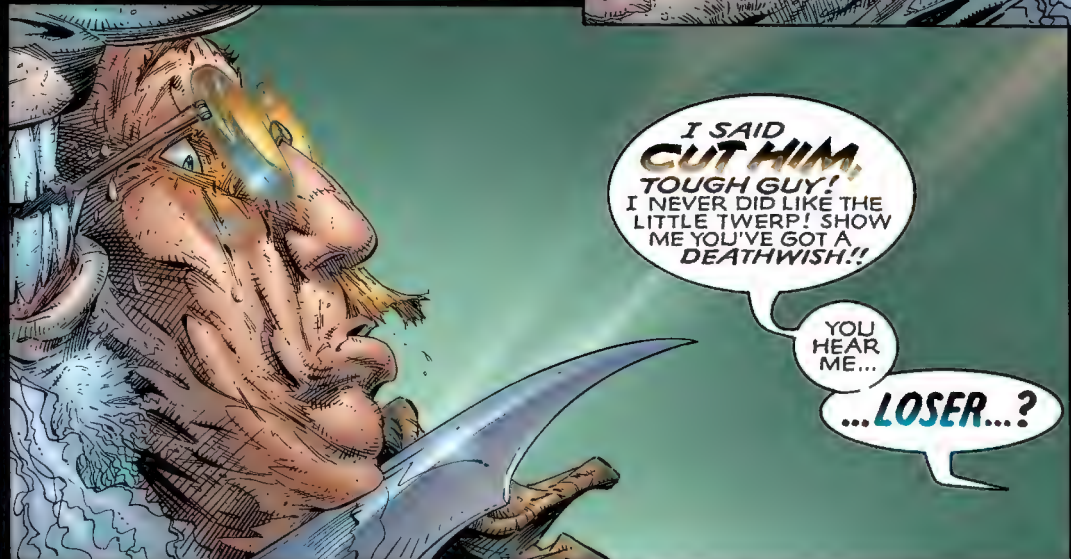


SO I  
SUGGEST YOU  
DROP YOUR GUN,  
OR ELSE YOU'LL HAVE  
TWO HEADLESS  
BODIES TO DEAL  
WITH.

GO  
AHEAD!  
DO IT! BUT  
IF YOU HURT  
HIM, I'LL BLOW  
YOUR FRIGGIN'  
HEAD ALL  
OVER THIS  
ALLEY.



C'MON!  
CUT HIM!  
YOU'RE SO  
UNAFRAID TO  
DIE THEN  
**PROVE**  
IT! WE CAN END  
THIS ALL PRETTY  
QUICK!



I SAID  
**CUT HIM,**  
TOUGH GUY!  
I NEVER DID LIKE THE  
LITTLE TWERP! SHOW  
ME YOU'VE GOT A  
DEATHWISH!!

YOU  
HEAR  
ME...

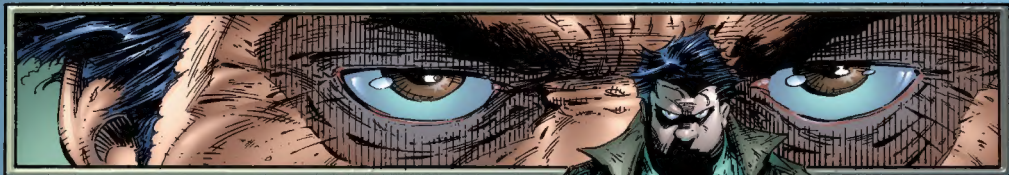
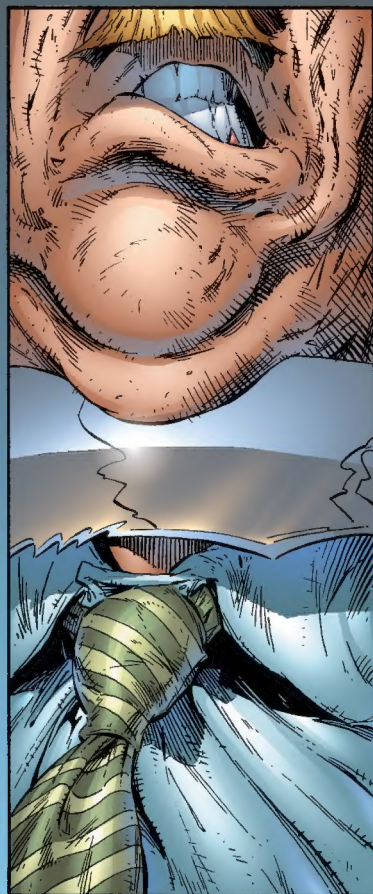
...**LOSER...**?



HEE-HEE-  
huh-heee...  
ANOTHER  
**MADMAN**. GOOD.  
I DO SO LOVE THE  
COMPANY.

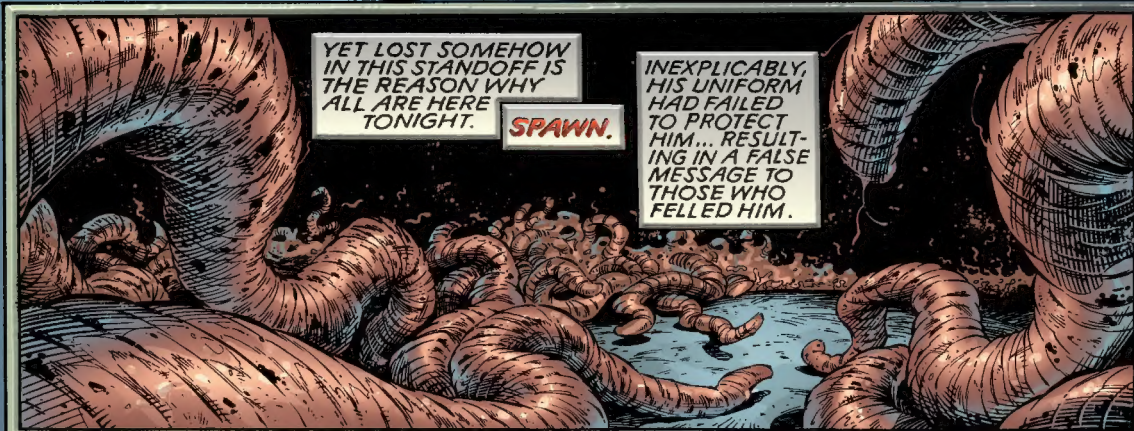


C'MON,  
OFFICER.  
LOOK INTO  
MY EYES. AND  
TELL ME WHICH  
OF US IS  
BLUFFING.



DEAD SILENCE  
SETS IN.

A MOMENT  
OF RECKONING  
IS AT HAND.



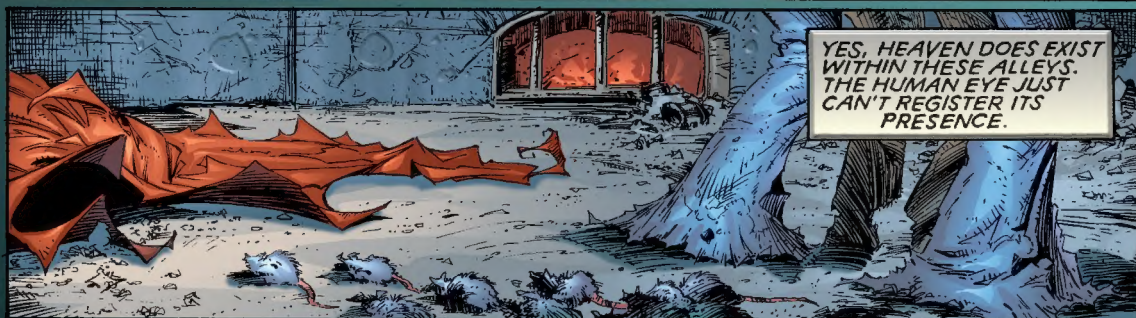
YET LOST SOMEHOW  
IN THIS STANDOFF IS  
THE REASON WHY  
ALL ARE HERE  
TONIGHT.

**SPAWN.**

INEXPLICABLY,  
HIS UNIFORM  
HAD FAILED  
TO PROTECT  
HIM... RESULT-  
ING IN A FALSE  
MESSAGE TO  
THOSE WHO  
FELLED HIM.

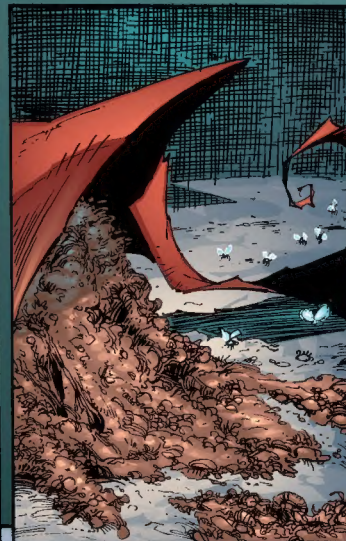
THEY THOUGHT HIM WEAK. AN EASY TARGET. AND BEFORE SPAWN HIMSELF KNEW WHAT WAS HAPPENING, HE'D LOST THE BATTLE.

BUT THE TRUTH IS THAT HE HAD ENTERED THE DOMAIN OF HEAVEN, IN WHICH GOD'S POWERS NULLIFY THE EVIL SENT FROM HELL.



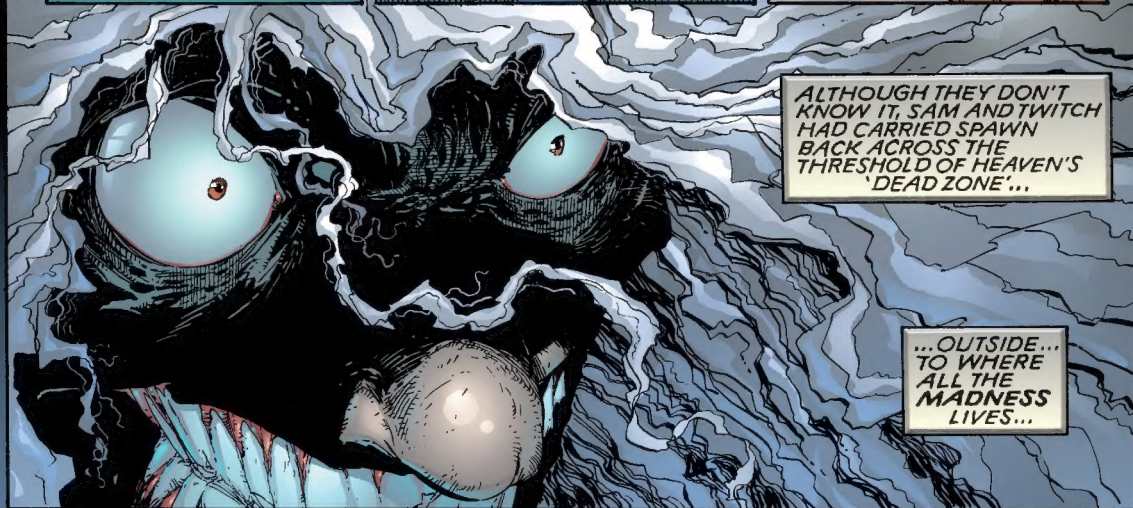
YES, HEAVEN DOES EXIST WITHIN THESE ALLEYS. THE HUMAN EYE JUST CAN'T REGISTER ITS PRESENCE.

YET ONCE OUTSIDE THAT SMALL DOMAIN, EVIL HAS FREE REIGN ONCE AGAIN.



ALTHOUGH THEY DON'T KNOW IT, SAM AND TWITCH HAD CARRIED SPAWN BACK ACROSS THE THRESHOLD OF HEAVEN'S 'DEAD ZONE'...

...OUTSIDE... TO WHERE ALL THE MADNESS LIVES...



...AND  
**OBEYS!...**

...ONCE AGAIN ABLE  
TO MESH WORMS,  
MAGGOTS, FLIES AND  
RATS INTO THIS NOW-  
REANIMATED DARK  
SENTINEL...  
**HELL'S NEWEST  
GRIM REAPER.**



TO BE  
CONTINUED.



Tyrant  
Lizard  
King

EMPIRE